



FINIS.

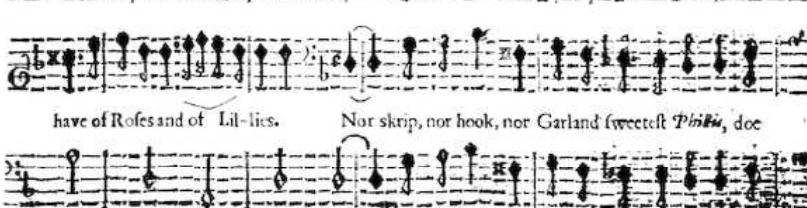
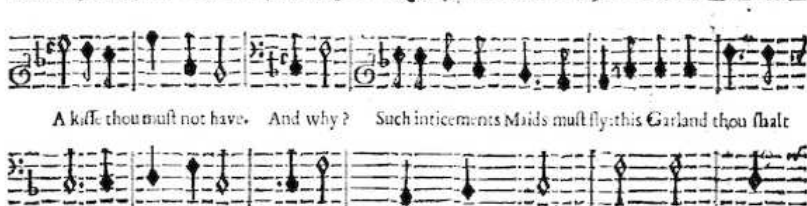
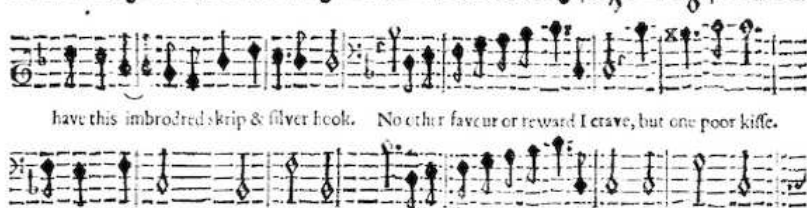
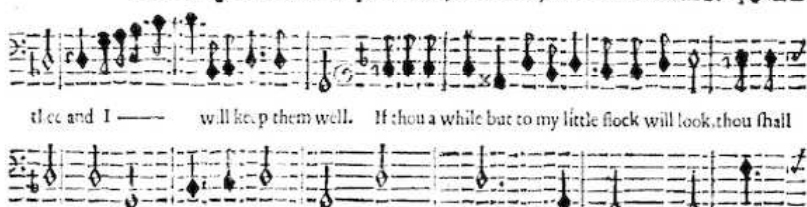
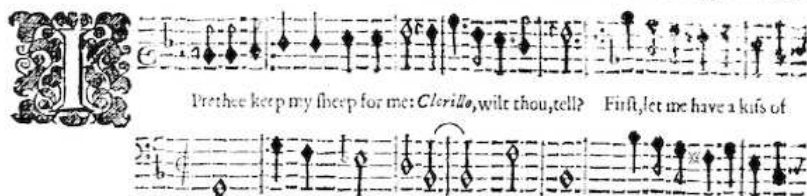
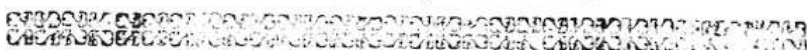


The Second Booke,

Containing

PASTORALL DIALOGUES

For two Voyces to sing to an Instrument.



K 2



I require, to kisse thy fresh and Ro-sie lip is one-ly my desire. Take then a



kisse, and let me go, till I return, thy care upon my Rocks below. Sweet sweet is that kisse, that doth



Sweet, sweet is that kisse, that doth

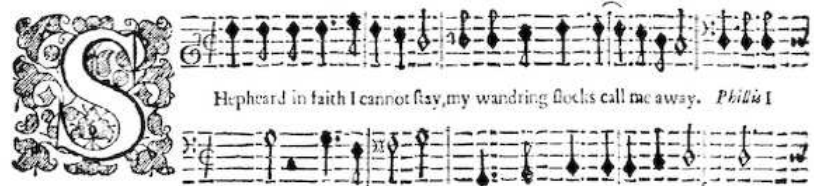


with true and just desire, as much a nother give, as to it selfe require.



with true and just desire, as much a nother give, as to it selfe require.

Mr. Nich. Laneare.



Hepheard in faith I cannot stay, my wandering Rocks call me away. *Philis* I



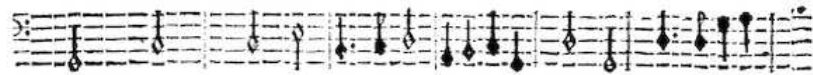
swear since I have caught thee now, upon thy rosie lips, I'll pay my vow. Who lives in love, may not by



force constrain. Where imprecation false oaths must obtain. I prethee *Stephen* leave me. Dear *Philis*



leave to contemn me. Nay, then I see, nay then I see, I must my selfe defend. Vaine is all de-



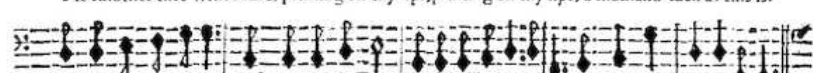
fence and art, Cruel, cruel, thou do'st of breath bereave me. Since I have thee e're I part,



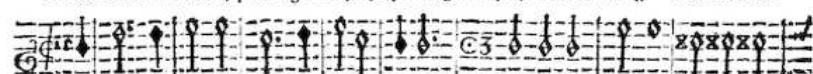
Since I have thee e're I part, I'll



I'll smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips, a thousand such as this.



smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand, such as this.



Thus *Stephen* bold layd downe his lovely *Philis*. And kist her breathlesse, and kist her



Thus *Stephen* bold layd downe his lovely *Philis*. And kist her breathlesse, and kist her

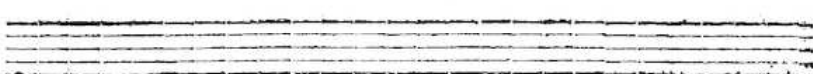
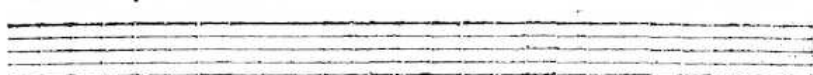


breathlesse upon a bank of Lillies.



breathlesse upon a bank of Lillies.

Mr. Nich. Laneare.





O ne my *Daphne*, come away, we do wait the christall day. 'Tis *Scrophon* calls, what



would my love? Come follow to the Mirtle Grove, where *Fenns* shall prepare new chaplets for thy



hairs. Were I shut up within a tree, I'd rend my bark to follow thee. My Shepherdes make



haste, the minutes slide so fast. In those cooler shades, will I blind as Cupid kiss your eye.



In thy bosome then I'll stray, in such warm snow, who would not lose his way? We'll laugh and



leave this world behinde, and gods themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never finde such



leave this world behinde, and gods themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never finde such



joyes when they embrace a Dis-e-ry.

Mr. William Lawes.



joyes when they embrace a Dis-e-ry.



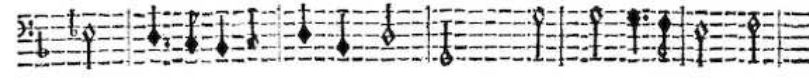
O beere fond swaine, I cannot love. I prethee faire one, tell me why



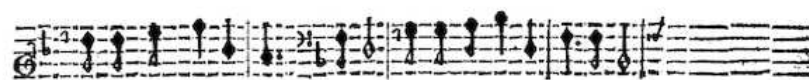
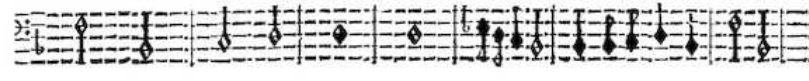
thou art so cold? You do but move to take away my liber-ty. I'll keep thy sheepe whilst



thou shalt play. Delight shall make each Month a *May*. Those pleasant are unthrifty heures.




Thou shalt have the choicest flowers, wax and Hony, milke & woole, of ripest fruits thy belly full.



My flocks I'll keepe by thine. Not so, but let them undistingaish go. vert. fol.





I can afford no more. Ah cease! Love come so far may yet encrease. Each day I'll
grant a kisse. Our blisses must not conclude, but spring from kisses. Then Shepheard love thy
fill. I shall who knows how much loves not at all. Then draw we both
our flocks up higher, that we may pitch. That we may pitch our folds together.
both our flocks up hither. That we may pitch, that we may pitch our folds together.
A midst our chaste imbracements meet, our selves as blame-lesse as our sheep, our selves as
A midst our chaste imbraces, meet Our selves as blamelesse as our sheep,
blame-lesse as our sheep.
Our selves as blamelesse as our sheep.

Mr. William Caesar, alias Smirgill,

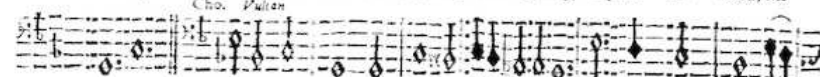


Venus. *Vulcan.*
Dian, Vulcan, O Vulcan, my Love! Who calls? who names me here mongst flames
Sweet, hear my plaint, give sorrow ease. Thy sacred power who dares displease? A-las, for-
lern Cupid, my waward son doth scorn Loves just decree, my awfull heft and heavenly De-i-ty.
Is he so bold? well, for thy sake, I that his arrows heads have us'd to make of piercing Steele which
Lo-vers feeble, will temper lead, whose force is dull, and ——— stroke is dead, so that hence
forth all men may blith-ly sing, Cupid's no God, his bow a ——— Toy, his shaft no

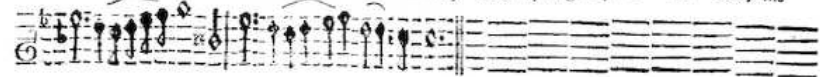
Bb 2

Cho. *Vener.*

fearfull thing. So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his

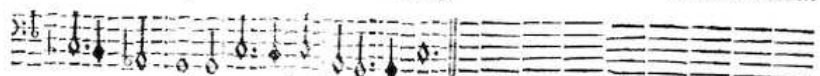


So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his



bow a — toy, his shafts no — fearfull thing.

Mr. William Lawes.



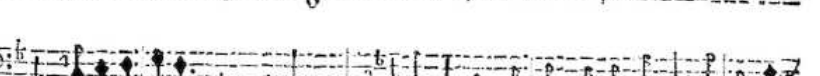
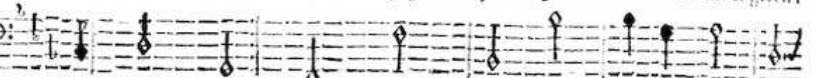
bow a toy, his shafts no fearfull thing.



Dear *Silvia*, let thy *Thirfis* know, what 'tis that makes those tears o'reflow Are



the Kids that us'd to play, and skip so nimbly, gone astray? Are *Lotus* flowers more fresh & green?



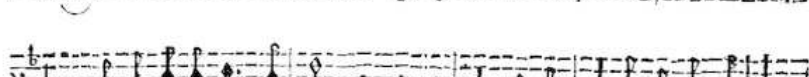
Or is some other Nymph made Queen? *Thirfis*, do'st thou think that I can grieve for this, when



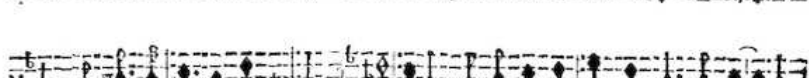
thou art by? What is it then? My father bids that I no longer feed my Kids with thine but



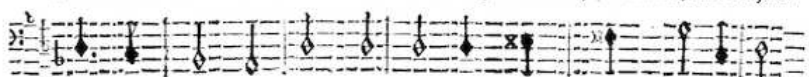
Coridon, and weare none but his Garlands on my haire. Why fo? Why fo my *Silvia*?



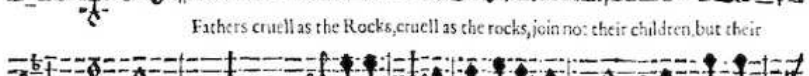
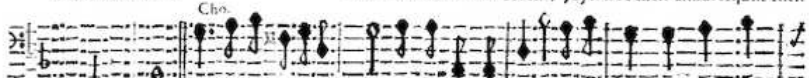
Will he keep thy flocks more safe when thou do'st sleepe? Will the Nymphs envy more thy praise,



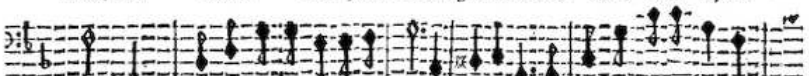
when chanted with his round delays? No *Thirfis*, I my flocks must joyn with his, 'cause they are



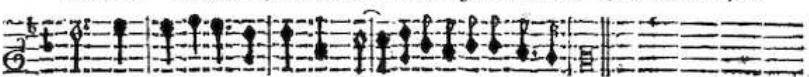
more then thine. *Cho.* Fathers cruell as the Rocks, joyn not their children, but their



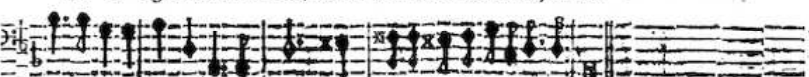
flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen*



flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls, *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen* calls, and



calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.



Hymen calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.

Dr. Charles Colman.



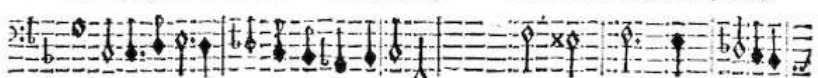
Hyfa, kind Swain come near, & lend a sigh, a tear, to thy sad friend, forsaken



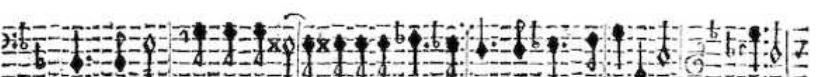
Damon calls. Four wight I come, but wherefore in this plight? thine eyes are red, thy griefs are



fuel—ling, tell them sorrow's half cur'd by telling. Take then the cause of all my woes,



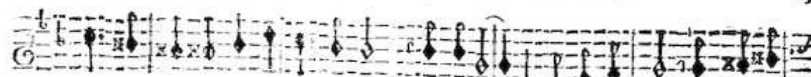
Phyllis is gone. Why, let her goe, 'tis but with other Nymphs & Swains, to sport upon the



Neighb'ring Plains, she'll come againe, be't but to find the heart with thee she left behind. Alas,



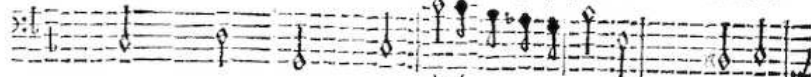
She's taken mine; her's free as Ayre is gone un-chain'd by me, though I with such devotion



fought her Love, as to Great Pain I fought, whilst my pale look and fetter'd sleep shew'd I, nor



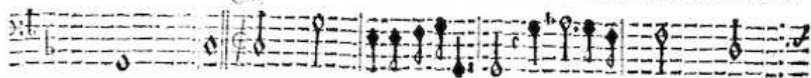
thoughts, nor flocks could keepe. Cheare up and lightly by her fet. He never



Cho.



lov'd, that could forget. Love is a Riddle, which he best unties, whose reason's not be-



Love is a Riddle, which he best unties, *



tray'd by his eyes, whose reason's not betray-ed, betray-ed by his eyes.



whof reason's not betrayed by his eyes, whof reason's not betrayed, betrayed by his eyes.

Mr. William Cajar, alias Smirgill.



Haron, O gentle *Charen*, let me woo thee with tears, & pity now to come un-



to me. What voyce so sweet and charming do I hear? say what thou art? I prethee first draw near.





A found I hear, but nothing yet I see: Speak where thou art? O *Charon*, pit-ty me! I am a



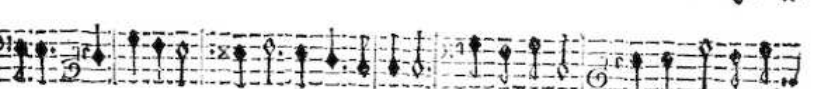
shade, & though no name I tell my mournful voyce wil say I'm *Philomel*. What's that to me? I



wast, nor fish, nor fowl, nor beast, food thing, but only humane foules. Alas for me! Shame on thy



warbling note, that made me hoyle my faile, & bring my boar, but Ile return: what mischief brought thee



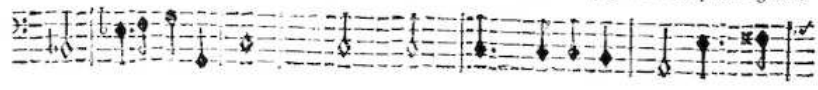
hither? A dæle of love, and much, much grief together. What's thy request? That since she's now be-



neath that fed my life, I follow her in de th. And's that all? I'm gone. For love I pray thee. Talk not of



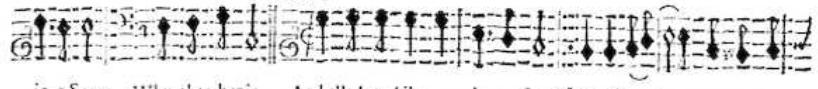
love, all pray, but no fouls pay me. Ile give thee sighs & tears. Can tears pay fees for patching Gills,



or mending boat or ours? Ile beg a penny, or Ile sing so long, till thou shalt say I've paid thee



Cho.



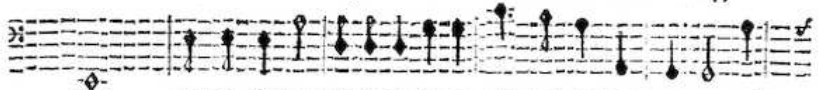
in a Song. Why, then begin. And all the while we make our sloathfull passage o're the Stygian



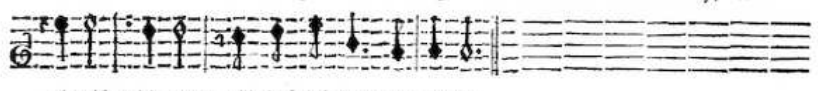
Cho. And all the while we make our sloathfull passage o're the Stygian



Lake, thou & Ile sing, thou & Ile sing, to make these dull shades merry;



Lake, thou & Ile sing, thou & Ile sing, to make these dull shades merry; who

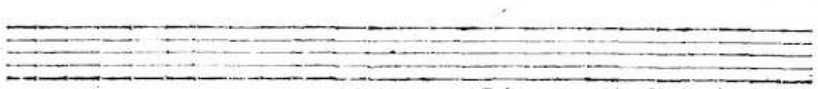
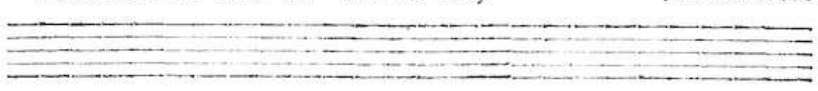


who else with teares will doubtles drown our Fer-ry.



else with teares, will doubt—less drown our Fer-ry.

Mr. William Lawes.



a. 2. 3. C. Cantin.



On bel se gella de se crezza la ro-cas se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se



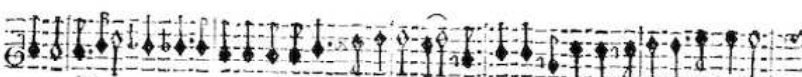
On bel se gella de se crezza la ro-cas se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se



prima de li-ber-di-ti e de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



prima de liber-di-ti e de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



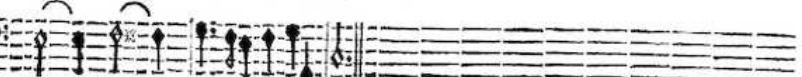
ta-ce e Jo-ve del core sen sa crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ve del co-re



ta-ce e Jo-ve del core sen sa crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ve del co-re



sen sa crezza da mo-re.



sen sa crezza da mo-re.



FINIS.

The Third Booke,

Containing

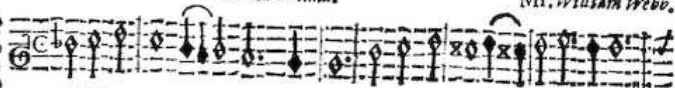
Short *AYRES* or *SONGS* for three Voyces :

Which may be fung either by a Voyce alone, or by two or three Voyces.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

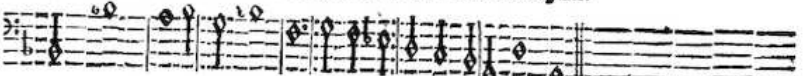
Mr. William Webb.



With no more thou shouldst love me, my joyes are full in loving thee,

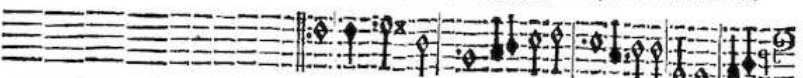


my heart's too narrow to containe my blis, if thou shouldst love againe.



Mr. William Webb.

too narrow to containe my blis, if thou shouldst love againe.



With no more thou shouldst love me, my joyes are full in loving thee, my heart's

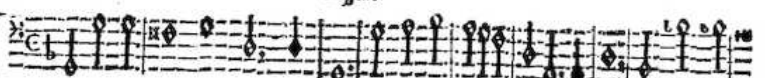


Cantus Secundus.

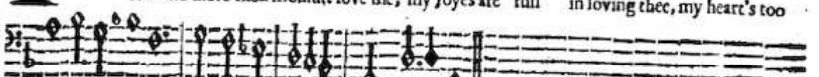
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



With no more thou shouldst love me, my joyes are full in loving thee, my heart's too



narrow to containe my blis, if thou shouldst love againe.

Ec

Mr. William Webb.